

## THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING  
EDITION (Including Postage).  
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

VOL. 29.....NO. 8,845

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class  
mail matter.

**OPEN TO ALL**

**THE NEW YORK**

**GUARANTEES**

THAT ITS REGULAR AVERAGE  
DAILY CIRCULATION DURING  
THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS  
YEAR WAS 288,257 AND THAT  
THIS IS AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED  
THOUSAND COPIES PER DAY MORE  
THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER  
IN AMERICA

SECOND THAT THE REGULAR AVERAGE  
DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE SUN-  
DAY WORLD IS MORE THAN TWICE  
AND NEARLY THREE TIMES AS GREAT  
AS THAT OF THE NEW YORK  
WORLD.

**TO REFUND**  
ALL MONIES PAID FOR ADVERTISING  
IF, UPON A PROPER TEST,  
THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT  
VERIFIED.

## Circulation Books Always Open.

## THE DEATH-TRAP FIRE.

Of what use are building laws, of what value is a Building Bureau and a Fire Department in this city, if such a cruel death-trap as that on the Bowery, in which seventeen human beings were burned to death yesterday afternoon, is allowed to be maintained?

Here was a building completely shut in between a theatre, a saloon, a pawnbroker's shop and other tenements, all extra hazardous, and reached only by a passage-way 3½ feet wide and an alley 8 feet wide, the two being together 60 feet in length. Into this wretched den were huddled some sixty persons, tenants and workers. What wonder that when flames broke out in such a trap, filled with wooden partitions, they spread so rapidly as to swallow up the inmates as if they had been so many shavings, and to destroy nearly a score of lives, besides inflicting serious injuries on others?

The general powers of the department are sufficient to prevent the occupation of such a building either as a residence or a factory, and it is to be hoped that some one may be held responsible for the terrible calamity.

## THE BOBTAIL-CAR HOMICIDE.

The Twenty-third Street Railroad corporation is doing its best to protect its officers against the consequences of the manslaughter of Mrs. SOPHIA LEVY. Its lawyers flock into the Coroner's office and seek to block the proceedings by refusing to produce books and insisting on cross-examining witnesses. Yesterday one of the corporation's lawyers served a Supreme Court writ on the Coroner, requiring him to show cause next Monday why he should not be prohibited from compelling the General Manager of the road to produce the slaughter records of the company, on the ground that Mr. McLEAN has already been committed for manslaughter and the production of the records might tend to criminate him.

Coroner McKEENE is pushing the inquest with fearlessness and vigor, and he may be relied upon to see the law properly enforced and the guilty persons brought to trial. The killing of Mrs. LEVY was a clear case of manslaughter, and, for the protection of the public, whoever is responsible ought to be punished.

## HEATED TERM POLITICS.

Politics and political wire-pulling and pipe-laying are to some people very agreeable pastimes. Yet how readily they yield to the attractions of fishing, yachting and the gayeties of summer resorts. Here is Gen. HARRISON, shaking hands and making speeches despite the warm weather with Premier BLAINE on the ocean making his way back to receive a political ovation, and President CLEVELAND quietly slips off with wily Secretary DAN to enjoy four or five days' yachting and blue-fishing. Here are enterprising organs nominating Mr. HEWITT, Congressman CUMMINGS and WILLIAM R. GRACE for Mayor, and Sheriff GRANT is sporting at Sharon, RICHARD CROKER is cooling off at Saybrook and ED KEARNEY is lounging on the Saratoga balconies.

After all, playing politics during the heated term is seldom an effective and winning game, and those who give up the summer to enjoyment may return invigorated in the fall and speedily upset all the nice arrangements so glibly made during their absence from the city.

There seems to be a good prospect that Governor's Island will before long be enjoyed by our citizens as a public park. This will indeed be a boon to our downtown population. But the most important point at the present moment is the opening of Stuyvesant Park. Here is a fine pleasure ground ready for the use, recreation and healthful enjoyment of thousands of our toiling citizens, and nothing but a few iron

padlocks and the wooden heads of a handful of selfish and stupid people stand in the way of its immediate utilization. Let the Park Commissioners throw open Stuyvesant Park this season and do their best to give us Governor's Island next year.

We have a noble set of firemen and policemen in New York and some really brave men among our people. This is demonstrated clearly enough whenever a great calamity that calls for presence of mind and personal daring occurs. The horrible fire in the Bowery yesterday developed these excellent traits in a marked degree, and the brave men who did such fearless work in rescuing their fellow-creatures from a horrible fate deserve the highest honor and praise.

It is said that man is naturally a gambler. No one who attends the race tracks can doubt that the saying is equally true as applied to women. The freedom and spirit with which the fair betters on the grand stands throw out their fives and twenties for investment on favorite horses show how thoroughly they enjoy the excitement of a game of chance, and while they do not take their losses quite so philosophically as men do, they are always ready to try their luck again.

What an extraordinary and unaccountable animal a despondent lover is, anyway. The last bridge-jumper, MATTHEW BRANES, who beat the record by jumping from a higher point on the bridge than any of his predecessors, is said to have taken the leap because he was a hopeless lover. He wanted to kill himself. Yet as soon as he felt the cold water and rose to the surface after his dive, he struck out stoutly for a tug to save his life.

Gen. BUTLER has turned up again. He has been at Washington for a few days and declares himself in favor of protection. BENJAMIN thinks that his vote in New York in 1864 lacked "protection." From the size it certainly seems to have lacked something.

## GOOD THINGS FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER.

Celery, 10 cents.  
Lettuce, 8 cents.  
White perch, 15 cents.  
Halibut steaks, 15 cents.  
Lamb chops, \$1.25 a peck.  
Pears, 40 to 60 cents a peck.  
Blackfish, 15 cents a pound.  
Moonfish, 15 cents a pound.  
Raspberries, 4 cents a bushel.  
Blackberries, 10 cents a bushel.  
Watermelons, 30 to 40 cents.  
Live lobsters, 10 to 15 cents.  
Strawberries, 10 cents a quart.  
Whortleberries, 15 cents a box.  
Oranges, 60 to 80 cents a dozen.  
Corn, 15 cents a dozen; best, 30 cents.  
Large minnows, 15 cents, small, 10 cents.  
Pineapples, 15 cents; best, 25 to 35 cents.  
Pears, 40 cents a dozen; best, 60 to 75 cents.  
Peaches, 50 cents a dozen; large, 60 cents to \$1.  
Lemons, 30 cents a dozen; small, 30 to 35 cents.  
Muskellons—Small, 5 to 8 cents; large, 15 to 35 cents.

## FIVE GOOD MEN.

Willie Durg has recovered from his recent illness, and can be seen at his old place.  
Joe Saller took the breath from the boys in Fulton Market by appearing among them minus four-fifths of his hair.  
John Montoto takes his ease during the warm weather. He divides his leisure hours between the club and the near-by summer resorts.  
William C. McBride, Jr., has returned from his vacation looking as brown as a berry and earnestly trying to impress on his friends that he had "the best time in his life."  
The friends of Edward F. Emanuel who reside outside of Tremont wonder why that gentleman's face is so wreathed in smiles. Eddie became a papa three weeks ago, and the novelty of the situation has not begun to wear off.

One of the waiters employed at one of the larger clubs in Chicago is the son of a wealthy and prominent man in Holland, a former General in the army and the head of an ancient baronial family. Another waiter, a German, who died in Chicago recently, had similar aristocratic antecedents.

Cook George Murphy, of Philadelphia, possesses another valuable relic, the barrel of John Brown's rifle. It is an octagonal smooth-bore Springfield weighing about twenty pounds, and has a telescopic attachment. Near the butt is a little silver plate set in the steel, bearing the name of John Brown.

Aluminum, the silvery metal that used to cost \$340 a pound thirty-five years ago, is now produced at the Krupp Gun Works at Essen, Germany, for 20 cents a pound. Communicated by telegraph from two to ten pounds of it in every hundred pounds, and it is likely, within the next decade or two, to become more common than iron.

There is more talk than money on the election.  
"Yes, you hear of bets, but you can't find any one who is willing to bet."  
"The betting men are keeping quiet. It is too early in the campaign."  
"It looks as if James W. Boyle intends to stick to the County Democracy."  
"That would be funny. Edward Kearney out of the County and James W. Boyle fighting under Maurice J. Power."  
"Have you seen Edward Cahill?"  
"I guess County Clerk Clark will be re-nominated."  
"We will miss Eddie O'Reilly. Death captured a bright young reporter. The politicians liked him."  
"I hear the name of Richard A. Cunningham mentioned for Congress."  
"He voted against the Mills bill."  
"I am told that Col. Willson L. Brown is slated for Congress in Merriman's district."  
"Wonder if the new Aqueduct Commissioners will bounce many of the old clerks."  
"I wouldn't be surprised if the County Democracy nominated Mayor Hewitt."

"I'll bet a bunch of bananas that Tammany Hall will favor the re-nomination of Gov. Hill."  
"All the fellows who have been turned out of the Custom-House will turn out in the Blaine parade."

## JOHN M. WARD

on the origin of Baseball  
a reply to Prof. Proctor.  
See the SUNDAY WORLD. In Supplement to the  
SUNDAY WORLD, Thackeray's story, "The Great  
Hoagerty Diamond," complete.

## MORLEY'S THERAPEUTIC CORDIAL

relieves disease while  
tasting. Price, 50 cents. Sold everywhere.

## THE JOKING OF THE JOKERS.

THOUSANDS HAVE ENTERED THE SNICKER  
TOURNAMENT.

It Promises to Be the Greatest Event in the  
History of Humor—Steady Improvement  
in the Quality of the Contributions—We  
Shall Have Something Real Funny After  
a While.

We Return the Smile.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
As brevity is the soul of wit, how does this  
strike you?  
A famous letter-carrier.  
[A stamp was neatly pasted here.]  
Yours with a smile, Ed I. TOMALKE.  
Yonkers, Aug. 2.

The Joker Nipped.  
A doctor stepped in at a carpenter shop at  
Long Branch not long since while on his way  
to meet a train. The carpenter was putting  
on a finishing coat of paint to complete a job  
he had made for a customer. The doctor,  
after watching him a moment, remarked: "Oh,  
I see putty and paint sometimes cover up  
your bad jokes, don't they?"  
The carpenter turned instantly on the doctor  
and replied: "Yes, and a hole in the  
ground often covers up yours."  
They have not spoken to each other from  
that day to this. CHARLES NICHOLS.  
354 Halsey street, Brooklyn, Aug. 2.

It Is Not Very Hard.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A young lady at my side, on seeing the in-  
closed cut, asks: "if it would not be a good  
idea to make it?"



source of inspiration for the other "Rider  
Haggard"? How is that for an impromptu?  
New York City. Wm. H. SMITH.

The Punster at Work.  
Walking through the garden last night I  
stumbled and fell over an article that had  
been removed from its accustomed place,  
the cistern. A friend standing near, ex-  
claimed: "You have kicked the bucket."  
I replied, as I slowly picked myself up:  
"No, I haven't; I've only turned a little  
pale (pail)." M. K. A.

What It Was For.  
Farmer (in store, to clerk, pointing to new  
style of hay cutter): "Say, young fellow, what's  
that machine there for?"  
Clerk—That's for sale, sir.  
TIM SULLIVAN,  
194 Fulton street, Brooklyn, Aug. 2.

The Way of the Butcher.  
Butcher—Come, Carl, be lively now; break  
the bones in Mr. Black's chops and put Mrs.  
Grey's ribs in the basket for her.  
Carl (briskly)—All right, sir, as soon as I  
have saved of Mrs. Nance's leg.  
WM. KEENEY,  
296 West Tenth street, New York, Aug. 3.

He Does It Frequently.  
It is now certain that Jay Gould is not  
satisfied with the earth. It is reported  
on good authority that he bought an extra  
World last week.  
News Agent Long Island Railroad.

Ode to Bill Nye.  
Jokes often now in print appear  
To make one laugh or cry,  
But upon my soul I greatly fear  
None will affect Bill Nye:  
For he is witty, he is just,  
And will open people's eyes;  
He'll do his duty or he'll bust  
In giving out the prize.

Who will the winning joker be?  
Is asked by one one all.  
Look in THE EVENING WORLD and see  
On whom you have to call.  
Bill Nye has been appointed judge,  
And nobly fills the "docket."  
But for his chair he need not budge—  
The prize just fits his pocket.  
[It undoubtedly would, but Judge Nye is  
barred.—Ed.] N. O. GUY.

An Uncomplaining Clock.  
Master of House (looking at the clock and  
doubting its correctness as to time)—How is  
the clock, Annie?  
Annie—Faith, sir, I haven't heard her com-  
plain.  
MISS M. S. DUDLEY,  
437 Madison street, Brooklyn.

In a Restaurant.  
Waiter—Do you want a steak to order?  
Jerseyman—No, I want a steak to eat.  
F. X. H.

It Would Be Funny.  
Judge Nye and me may not agree,  
Nor those who for the prize will strive,  
That the best joke of the whole would be  
For me to win that twenty-five.  
James EGGO,  
569 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

From a Twelve-Year Old.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I inclose an original joke, with picture,  
which I hope you will kindly publish. I am  
twelve years old, and after having read all of  
Mr. Nye's work, I thought I would launch out  
as a humorist. If the joke is worthy of it,  
kindly do it justice. HARRY M. YOUNG,  
1276 Third Avenue, city, Aug. 2.

You've Seen Him at Monmouth.  
This is the sport so  
fresh and gay,  
Who's at the races  
every day,  
And rides to them in a  
couple.  
The inside "tips" he  
shrewdly plays.  
His name is Claude,  
but not always,  
For there are those un-  
looked-for days  
When he loses on the  
sheet of paper, or  
the horse both ways.  
And then his name is  
"Dennis."  
H. M. YOUNG.

Conditions of the Contest.  
Following are the conditions of THE EVENING  
WORLD's joke contest: It is open to  
everybody—men, women and children. Any  
person can submit one or as many jokes as  
desired. The decision, however, will be  
made on the merits of the best joke in the  
collection.

Each joke must be original, that is to say,  
they shall not have previously appeared in  
print to the knowledge of the competitor.  
Each joke must be written on one side of a  
sheet of paper, or if two or more sheets are  
required, they must be neatly secured to-  
gether. Each joke must bear the name of

the competitor and the date on which it was  
sent.  
The jokes may consist of from one word to  
200. The latter limit must not be exceeded  
and competitors shall not be allowed to  
breach it. A joke of a few lines, if first class, will stand as good  
a chance of winning the prize as one of  
twenty lines.  
The prize will be \$25 for the best joke sub-  
mitted. Bill Nye will read all jokes sent in,  
and will in his ripe judgment determine the  
winner. Some of the jokes will be published  
in the Evening World, but the publication or  
non-publication of a joke will have no bearing  
upon the final decision. A joke may be  
published and yet finally ruled out because it  
may be "cheesy" or "clumsy."  
THE EVENING WORLD cannot undertake to  
acknowledge the receipt of all jokes sent in,  
other than that the publication will be of course  
an acknowledgment. From each of these two  
jokes of equal merit, priority of receipt  
would determine the prize winner.

## FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY  
"EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Harlem's Waste Places Full of Strange  
Bloom and Sweet Perfume.

Just now the uninhabited wastes of Harlem  
are blooming with sweet-scented flower gar-  
dens.

Even the oldest inhabitant cannot remem-  
ber the like of it, and the weed or shrub, or  
whatever it is, has spread itself in such pro-  
fusion over the roadways and vacant lots,  
and along the sidewalks in unfrequented  
streets and avenues, that the Bureau of In-  
cumbances may be called upon to remove  
this vegetable obstruction to travel.

The plant grows about 3 feet high on an  
average, and bears innumerable clusters of  
small white flowers. Their fragrance is al-  
most overpowering in its sweetness, and the  
pedestrian can always tell when he is ap-  
proaching one of these natural flower gar-  
dens from the leeward a block or more away.

The largest patches are on the west side,  
above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street,  
along the Harlem River front, and the ad-  
joining streets.

It is said that the plant has only made its  
appearance within the last two or three years,  
and that every season it is extending its  
growth further and further. Some of the  
biosomes were gathered last year in big  
bunches and put away have not only pre-  
served their fragrance, but actually in-  
creased it. A great many people are har-  
vesting a supply while the plant is in bloom.

That the flowers are rich in honey is shown  
by the fact that they attract swarms of bees,  
which are in them an unlimited  
supply of provender.

In a single thick patch of the shrub on  
Sixth avenue, near One Hundred and Forty-  
fifth street, there are enough honey bees on  
any sunny day to stock half a dozen good-  
sized hives, and the noise made by the thou-  
sands of wings resembles at a little distance  
the humming of a buzz saw.

How the Fresh-Air Children Leave the Big  
Depot at Jersey City.

Those passengers on the Pennsylvania  
Railroad who are inclined to sentiment and  
tenderness find much to interest them in the  
daily departure of the child beneficiaries of  
the Fresh-Air Fund from the big depot in  
Jersey City each afternoon.

The train leaving the depot at 4:15 always  
carries two car-loads of the happy young-  
sters, in charge of motherly women and a  
superintendent. The children march from  
the ferry-boat to the waiting-room by two's,  
the blue-coated officials of the company call  
"Here come the young ones," and big Police-  
man Rie becomes grand marshal, taking the  
head of the leading urchin and guiding the  
long line to the cars.

The children in the depot makes way for the  
little ones, watching their happy faces with  
various symptoms of sympathy and occasion-  
ally asking of the tiny travellers their destina-  
tion.

The country, it is the laconic and in-  
variable answer.  
Boarding the cars the children scramble  
into seats, and soon each window frames two  
sugar faces and each face is a study.

Taken yesterday from the gutters of New  
York and out to-day for the green woods and  
fields of New Jersey, there is little time for  
rest.

The drawn, peaked faces of poverty and  
suffering predominate, with not a rosy cheek  
among them all. The eyes glitter and dart  
about in the excitement of the hour, noting  
everything.

People passing the standing train pause to  
talk to the children, ladies buy fruit to dis-  
tribute along the line of bobbing heads, and  
every one seems kind.

The train leaves the depot amid shrill  
screams and cheers of delight. Handker-  
chiefs and handkerchiefs are waved, and the  
small army of children appears until the  
dusty city streets have been left behind and  
the hills and vales of the storied "country"  
are undulating about the train.

Everybody Picked Up the Bag, and So Did  
the Reporter.

A lot of boys and an inflated paper bag fur-  
nished amusement for a good-sized audience  
of loungers at the Battery the other day.

The bag lay on the walk, and everyone who  
passed along was attracted by its appearance  
of fullness.

Passers by would almost invariably stoop  
down, pick up the bag, look into it, put it  
back carefully and then smile and walk on.

Many people had done this, and the re-  
porter picked up the bag, too, and saw a card  
with the word "sold" printed on it carefully  
fastened to the bottom.

Men Whom It's Pleasant to Meet in Rainy  
Weather.

Rain changes the aspect of things in the  
city about as radically as a smothering, howl-  
ing detachment of the Salvation Army.

Horses go struggling and slipping along,  
and their drivers are in their best fighting  
mood.

Umbrellas bump into each other, while  
the owners, or more accurately speaking,  
their holders, grinned at each other's al-  
leged awkwardness.

Occasionally a jolly, good-humored man  
will walk along and hold up the whole crowd  
with his pleasant, make-the-best-of-every-  
thing face.

Such men as this are most pleasant to look  
upon, especially when the rain is about to suc-  
cumb to the prevailing and disagreeable in-  
fluences. They will bring one back to one's  
self again and cause a smile in spite of the  
rain.

## MISS WALSH AS DESDEMONA.

She Makes a Distinctly Favorable Im-  
pression on a Large Audience.

A performance of "Othello" was given at  
the Windsor Theatre last night, and it was  
interesting solely because Miss Walsh ap-  
peared as Desdemona.

Miss Walsh made a decidedly favorable im-  
pression. She has a pretty, musical voice, a  
clear, impressive enunciation and a large  
supply of dramatic intelligence. Her face is  
comely and she is graceful. The audience,  
which was large and interested, gave her a  
very cordial reception. She was not at all  
nervous.

Miss Walsh's support was very indifferent.  
J. Gordon Emmons was not the Othello of  
Shakespeare's play, nor was Stanislaus Stange  
an intelligent Iago. In fact, these two de-  
mon would do well to avoid Shakespearean  
plays for a few years. J. Russell Throck-  
morton did fairly well as Cassio. The costu-  
mes used were handsome, those of Miss  
Walsh being especially noticeable. The play  
was well put upon the stage.

## HARLEM JUBILANT TO-NIGHT.

Big Guns to Boom Cleveland and Thurman  
at the Harlem Democratic Club.

The uptown Democrats are going to make  
this evening a notable one in the campaign  
for Cleveland and Thurman. The doors of  
the Harlem Democratic Club, 11 East One  
Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, will be  
thrown wide open and crowds will flock to  
thence for the Democratic candidates.

The large hall has been decorated with  
American flags and red bannanans, and Cap-  
tain's Seventh Regiment band will play inspi-  
ring airs.

Among the big guns who will speak are  
Roger C. Mills, of Texas; W. C. Brecken-  
ridge, of Kentucky; Howard Ellis, of New  
York; and J. W. Fry, of Georgia.

## BUILDING-TRADE INTERESTS.

The Section Drags to a Fight Crowded  
Italian Tenement—A Light Ended.

Eugene Rice, of the Housewives' Union,  
wielded the gavel at the meeting of the  
Building Trades' Section last night. Dele-  
gates were received from the Cement and  
Asphalt-Layers' Union, Electric House-Wire-  
men's Union, Slate and Metal Roofers' Union,  
Tin and Sheet Iron Workers' Union, Pro-  
gress Association, Mosaic and Encaustic  
Tile-Layers' Union and Progressive Painters'  
Union No. 6.

The Lumber-Handlers' and Truck-Drivers'  
Association announced its withdrawal from  
the section and from the Central Labor  
Union. A protest against the withdrawal of  
the International Tile-Layers' Union was en-  
tered by the Encaustic Tile-Layers' Union  
and referred to the Central Labor Union.

The secretary of all organizations were  
requested to ascertain how many of their  
members will join in the Labor Day parade  
and report to the Section Secretary as soon as  
possible.

The Tin and Sheet Iron Workers' Union,  
the Reliance Labor Club of Marble Workers,  
Progressive Painters Nos. 3 and 6, the Ger-  
man House-Painters' Union and Lodges 3, 5  
and 6 of the United Order of American Car-  
penters and Joiners reported that they will  
turn out in full force.

Delegate Van Arsdale reported a house in  
Sixth street, in which 200 Italians are  
packed like sardines in a box, families of  
from five to nine persons sitting and sleeping  
in one or two rooms with little or no venti-  
lation. The men and boys are let out under  
contract at 25 cents a day each.

The committee sent to the Furniture  
Workers' Section reported that the difficulty  
between the Stained Glass Union and the  
Progressive Wood-Turners had been amicably  
settled.

The Section decided to get all possible  
information on the case and communicate it  
to Chairman Ford, of the Congressional  
Investigating Committee.

## A Contradiction by Secretary Aiken.

Notice in your issue of July 31 that Mr.  
J. B. Ryan, President of the New York Wire-  
Matters Company, denies the report in your  
papers that there had been a strike of the  
employees of that concern, and affirms that  
the company did not make a reduction of  
wages, as reported.

I desire to contradict Mr. Ryan, in behalf  
of the Wire-Matters Company, in which I  
hold a report of the strike was made and  
given to your reporter, officially.

In the same behalf I wish to state that the  
strike is on, and further action has been  
taken in regard to it.

I further wish to state that the reduction  
was exactly 33 1-3 per cent.  
[Seal.] AL. M. AIKEN,  
Recording Secretary.

## In the Labor Field.

Delegate Stuck, of Union No. 7, presided at  
the meeting of the Furniture Workers' Section last  
night.

Owing to the difficulty with the Central Labor  
Union, it is not likely that Typographical Union  
No. 6 will turn out on Labor Day.

It is believed that fully 10,000 men will join  
in the Labor Day parade, and some labor leaders  
say the number will reach 15,000. Carriages, carry-  
alls and stages will be provided for the female  
workers.

The Fibre Association of Mattress-Makers has  
requested the Furniture Workers' Section to send  
its delegates to the Central Labor Union, where  
the Mattress-Makers' factory, where it alleged  
the wages had been reduced out-right.

The Central Labor Union is now endeavoring  
to discuss the course it will pursue in the campaign.  
The leaders favor such action as will give labor a  
larger representation in the Legislature than it  
now has, and are likely to be effected.

J. F. Sullivan, the young man of the United  
Piano-Makers who has been selected as Grand  
Marshal for the great parade on Labor Day, has  
been out of the great Napoleon. He is assiduously  
practising horsemanship riding and studying military  
science so as to bring the big column into line and  
give the proper commands.

District Assembly 49's two factions will meet to-  
morrow afternoon having decided to serve as Mar-  
shal of the Furniture Workers' Section on Labor  
Day. Delegate Aiken was last evening selected for  
the position.

It is believed that fully 10,000 men will join  
in the Labor Day parade, and some labor leaders  
say the number will reach 15,000. Carriages, carry-  
alls and stages will be provided for the female  
workers.

The Fibre Association of Mattress-Makers has  
requested the Furniture Workers' Section to send  
its delegates to the Central Labor Union, where  
the Mattress-Makers' factory, where it alleged  
the wages had been reduced out-right.

The Central Labor Union is now endeavoring  
to discuss the course it will pursue in the campaign.  
The leaders favor such action as will give labor a  
larger representation in the Legislature than it  
now has, and are likely to be effected.

J. F. Sullivan, the young man of the United  
Piano-Makers who has been selected as Grand  
Marshal for the great parade on Labor Day, has  
been out of the great Napoleon. He is assiduously  
practising horsemanship riding and studying military  
science so as to bring the big column into line and  
give the proper commands.

## THE DOCTOR HARD AT WORK.

THE SULTRY DAYS BRING SICKNESS TO  
MANY POOR BABIES.

One Little One Who Never Had a Night-  
Gown—Gratitude of the Mothers Over  
the Presents of Baby Cloth From "The  
Evening World's" Generous Readers—  
A Bright Little Interpreter Who Came  
to a Mother's Assistance.

"Doctor—baby—sick," exclaimed a small,  
dark-haired, dark-eyed Italian woman as  
The Evening World's physician was passing  
through Cherry street yesterday.

"Where?" asked the doctor. The woman  
shook her small, glossy head anxiously and  
rapidly uttered some words in her native  
tongue.

"Baby sick! sick!" she reiterated.  
"Take me to baby," said the physician.  
The poor woman looked distressed, and  
gazed about her as if seeking some mode of  
expressing her wishes, for the words she had  
uttered were evidently all she knew of Eng-  
lish.

At this moment a little girl of about five  
years came out of a neighboring alley. The  
woman addressed some words to the child,  
when she turned to the physician